

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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ACROSS THE RIVER.

When for me the silent oar
Parts the Silent River,
And I stand upon the shore
Of the strange Forever,
Shall I miss the loved and known?
Shall I vainly seek my own?

'Mid the crowd that come to meet
Spirits sin-forgiven,—
Listening to their echoing feet
Down the streets of heaven,—
Shall I know a footstep near
That I listen, wait for here?

Then will one approach the brink
With a hand extended,
On whose thoughts I loved to think
Ere the veil was rended,
Saying, "Welcome! We have died,
And again are side by side."

Saying, "I will go with thee,
That thou be not lonely,
To yon hills of mystery;
I have waited only
Until now, to climb with thee
Yonder hills of mystery."

Can the bonds that make us here
Know ourselves immortal,
Drop away like foliage sere,
At life's inner portal?
What is holiest below
Must forever live and grow.

I shall love the angels well,
After I have found them
In the mansions where they dwell,
With the glory round them.
But at first, without surprise,
Let me look in human eyes.

Step by step our feet must go
Up the holy mountain;
Drop by drop within us flow,
Life's unfailing fountain.
Angels sing with crowns that burn;
We shall have a song to learn.

He who on our earthly path
Bids us help each other,—
Who his Well-beloved hath
Made our Elder Brother,—
Will but clasp the chain of love
Closer when we meet above.

Therefore dread I not to go
O'er the Silent River.
Death, thy hastening oar I know;
Bear me, thou Life-giver,
Through the waters to the shore,
Where mine own have gone before!

—*Lucy Larcom.*

THE VALUE OF THOUGHT IN CHARACTER BUILDING.

"Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honorable, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report,—if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."—PHILIPPIANS iv. 8.

Character is what we are in the hidden depths of the soul; and the good or evil, the strength or weakness of its tone and influence depends on what we are fond of thinking about in leisure moments when the mind dwells upon its favorite theme or cherished ideal as naturally and inevitably as the magnetic needle points to the polar star. There are things we must think about in the daily affairs of life, such as business politics, home duties, or social obligations, but into which we put very little heart, perhaps; and we are glad to drop them out of mind just as soon as we are free to take up other subjects. But the subjects of thought to which the mind turns freely make an enduring impress on the soul.

I believe the influence of the press can almost always be counted on to promote every good cause, and that no other set of public men in our great busy American life exert one-half the power in wielding and moulding public opinion and setting it in the right direction as the men who make the newspapers. Yet, in spite of the immense influence for good of the press, its influence for evil must be considered as excessive; and this fault is largely due to the almost universal method of holding up to view the dark side of life, as if it were the prevailing tendency in human affairs all over the earth. Of course, if a paper is really a newspaper, it must necessarily report the evil-doings of the world no less than its good and helpful and progressive affairs. But as the average paper appears from day to day, the reports of evil are out of proportion to the reports of good in its news columns. The ancient Psalmist said, in his haste, that all men were liars; and a thoughtless person's first impression, on reading the sensational headlines of many a great daily paper, might well be that there is little else in the world save folly, sin, and suffering. And it is no wonder if careless folk forget that all this is not the usual life of the people,—that it is only the exceptional experience of an extremely small proportion of them, and for that reason alone was of interest to the army of news-gatherers whose business it is to make a daily paper. Indeed, we are all too apt to forget that for every act of wrong-doing which finds its ways into print, millions of good deeds have been passed by unnoticed; that for every villany exposed, tens of thousands of happy homes have witnessed generous acts, words of goodwill, a perfect devotion to duty, whose record is found only in the Book of Life, the reporter of which is the Spirit of truth and love and earnest endeavor.

As the foundation stones of a building are always out of sight, so the great multitude of men and women, on whose integrity and faithfulness the social fabric rests, are unknown to fame, their virtuous character and good behavior are never advertised in the public prints. The moment we stop and think about it, however, we know that such as they make up the vast majority of the people in every community; and then likewise we perceive that the world is filled to overflowing with goodness,—deep-rooted, unobtrusive, all-abounding goodness,—in spite of the fact that evil and wrong-doing are flaunted everywhere.

The habit of evil-thinking, fault-finding,

and criticism is so easily formed, and is so subtle and insidious, that it requires perpetual watchfulness and resolute courage on our part to resist its noxious power and overcome its poisonous influence. But there are various methods in vogue for fortifying the mind against all such enemies of the ideal life. One plan, within easy reach of all, is to begin the day with some great uplifting thought of trust in God and devotion to duty,—an aspiration for wisdom and strength and harmony; to use the first waking moment of the new morning in looking upward, asking the good God for the impulse and power to be faithful and kind and true in thought and word and deed at all times and under all circumstances.

There are many helpful books adapted to this purpose, though any familiar volume of essays or poems is better for the use of well-read and earnest persons. Each morning, on awaking, choose an inspiring passage from your favorite author, suggestive of high thinking and ideal living, and keep it stored in the mind for meditation during any moment of leisure in office or shop, at home or on the street. It is astonishing, to one who has not considered it, how much spare time we actually have for reflection, even during the most busy day, if we happen to have anything in mind to muse upon; and five minutes, well spent in the morning selecting and memorizing an appropriate sentiment, should not only give an immediate uplift of heart and will, but should also supply the soul with a thought which would remain in the subconsciousness all day long, ready at any instant for its refreshment, should it need courage or calmness or hope.

It is said that the great English statesman, Mr. Gladstone, used to have in his study, over his desk, in large letters seen readily from any part of the room, the familiar text, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee." And that in any emergency, when agitated, wearied, or perplexed, his mind would freely revert to this promise of Divine assistance, and he would be calmed and refreshed and strengthened as by a breeze from the heavenly hills. It was to him as though he had bathed in the river of life that flows by the throne of God, or had taken a drink from the fountain of infinite love and power.

Some such ideal suggestion, taken into the mind at the beginning of the day and reverted to freely in its leisure moments, will inspire the soul with confidence and hope while undergoing the stress and strain of common toil; will give it strength and courage in an

hour of trial or temptation; will keep it calm and faithful and sweet in all the storms of sorrow and suffering that form so large a part of human experience. As the harmony of a thrilling symphony will echo and re-echo in the heart long after the ears have ceased to enjoy its rapturous melody, so the music of a promise of Divine support and guidance listened to with the waking thought will reverberate in the soul through all the anxieties and temptations of the busiest day, not only keeping it shut against any unworthy thought or feeling, but also nourishing it as with bread from heaven.

Now if we are uplifted, purified, and strengthened by what we think about, if our character be influenced and moulded by the ideals and sentiments of psalm, poem, or essay, how much more shall we be refreshed, inspired, and protected by the thought of God, should it pervade our conscious thinking and unconscious emotions in the active affairs of the day and the peaceful sleep at night, unceasingly surrounding and filling the mind and heart with its ideal goodness, truth, and beauty!

To think of God from fear, to hold continually in our consciousness the conviction that He knows all about us,

"That his all-seeing eye surveys
Our secret thoughts, our works and ways,"

and that for every feeling, word, and action we shall be brought into judgment, has proved the saving influence in restraining many a person from folly and sin, and impelling them to truth and duty. It has likewise been the means of restoring multitudes of people to clean living and a useful career. When, however, we have learned to think of God as the ever-present and all-pervading spirit in whom our spirits have their native element in precisely as natural a way as our bodies live and move and have their being in the material atmosphere; when we let our thoughts flow inward or upward to Him in ceaseless throbs of gratitude and aspiration, of trust and love and expectation; when we perceive His power in all the forces of nature, His glory in the beauty of the summer sky, His smile in the silvery sheen of ocean wave, His peace in the restful solitude of the forest; when we recognize His features in the face of the Christ, and have learned that our God is the personification of all things lovely and helpful and progressive in human experience,—that it is the presence of His Spirit in our hearts which gives to life all that is sublimely beautiful and intrinsically good,—our aspiration and affection, our faith-

fulness and success; when we have learned to think of God as actually "Our Father," the lover of our souls, the dear Friend who stoops to share each pleasure we enjoy, to sympathize with every tear which stains our cheek, who yearns to enter into our life as love and truth and power that He may lift us into perfect union and companionship with Himself and make us conscious of our heavenly origin and immortal destiny as His offspring,—when we have learned thus to think of God, the thought of Him will nourish and strengthen and develop the soul as nothing else can do on earth or in heaven. It will uplift the heart, inspire the mind, strengthen the will, nerve the arm; give us power to overcome evil, to cleave to the right, to stand fast in "the glorious liberty of the children of God," and to press forward on our upward journey in the full assurance that we shall yet become perfect, even as our heavenly Father is perfect.

The venerable chaplain of the United States Senate, Edward Everett Hale, has condensed the lesson of the sermon into five words, "Look up, and not down." If we set our minds on high thinking, we shall be drawn to ideal living as inevitably as the earth is held to the sun. Therefore, if there is anything worthy of praise in any person, place, or thing, if there is anything good, true, or beautiful anywhere, let us think on such things, keeping the soul guarded against the least suggestion of evil as we should avoid the edge of a precipice or flee from the brink of destruction. And that we may think of all things in the highest and truest way, let us learn to think of this world as our Father's dwelling-place, in whose heart is the source of all goodness, truth, and love, and in whose thought all pure and faithful souls are well-beloved sons and daughters.—*Alexander T. Bowser.*

THE STILL HOUR.

As silent as the sunbeam in the forest,
As quiet as the shadow on the hill,
Is the shining of the Spirit in our dimness,
Is the falling of its calm upon our will.

But subtler than the sun-lift in the leaf-bud,
That thrills through all the forests making
May,
And stronger than the strength that plants the
mountains,
Is that shining in the heart-lands, bringing
day.

—*W. E. Channing.*

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills,
whence cometh my help.

My help cometh from the Lord, which
made heaven and earth.

He will not suffer thy foot to be moved;
he that keepeth thee will not slumber.

Behold he that keepeth Israel shall neither
slumber nor sleep.

The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy
shade upon thy right hand.

The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor
the moon by night.

The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil;
he shall preserve thy soul.

The Lord shall preserve thy going out and
thy coming in, from this time forth, and even
forever more.—*Psalms.*

To know that there are some souls, hearts,
and minds, here and there, who trust us and
whom we trust, some who know us and whom
we know, some on whom we can always rely
and who will always rely on us, makes a
paradise of this great world.—*James Freeman
Clarke.*

Whoever truly loves one of God's chil-
dren must feel his heart going out in God-
like tenderness toward all the rest. In all
souls he recognizes the kindred of the one
soul that has been to him the fullest expres-
sion of humanity and of God. He who really
loves has tasted of immortality.—*Lucy
Larcom.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

*Send all offers and requests to be printed in this depart-
ment to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 80 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass.*

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in
the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking,
"Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before send-
ing it, else the person who requests it may receive several
copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for
a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying
that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests
than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be
printed there.

OFFERS.

For the following books please address
Miss Barbara Standish, 256 Newbury Street,
Boston, Mass.:—

"Handbook of British Literature," Under-
wood; "Story of our Country," Munroe;
"Stories of War," E. E. Hale; "How to
Do It," E. E. Hale; "Agriculture," vol.
i.-ii., Storer.

For Children.

"Marjorie's Three Gifts," Louisa M.
Alcott; "Quicksilver Sue," Laura E. Rich-
ards; Hans Andersen's "Fairy Tales";
bound volume of *St. Nicholas*, 1901.

For Boys.

"Stories of Adventure," E. E. Hale;
"Grandfather's Chair," Nathaniel Haw-
thorne; "War of 1812," R. Johnson.

The Cambridge Branch offers the follow-
ing books. Address Miss M. A. Vinal,
20 Lowell Street, Cambridge, Mass.:—

"Poems," Shelley; "The Earthly Para-
dise"; Jean Ingelow's "Poems"; "Singers
and Songs of the Liberal Faith"; Mrs.
Browning's "Poems"; La Fontaine's
"Fables"; Plays of Molière; "Red Cotton
Night-cap Country," Robert Browning;
Emerson's "Essays"; "World Politics,"
Reinsch; "The Western Gate," Ross;
"Student's History of France"; "Chemistry
of Photography"; *The Spectator*, vols. vi.,
vii., viii.; "History of England"; "The
American People," Low; "Orations," Web-
ster; "Poetry, Comedy, and Duty," C. C.
Everett; "History of Cuba," Ballou; "Life
of Goethe," 2 vols., Lewes; "The George
Junior Republic"; "A Certain Rich Man";
"The Draytons and the Davenants"; "Rise
and Constitution of Universities"; "Taxi-
dermy"; "Daily Strength for Daily Needs."

REQUESTS.

*Those who write to us for the first time must
send the name and address of a minister as a
reference. Without that the request will not be
printed.*

1. Mrs. I. C. Horton, Elkville, North
Carolina, would like "The Missing Bride,"
"The Lamplighter," and a Dictionary.

2. I live in a lonely country where there is
not much going on. I should like to get
suitable reading for a girl of thirteen years.
I am very fond of good reading. Emma S.
Trevey, Naola, Virginia.

3. For a long time I have not asked for
any books, but I am much alone now, and
should be glad of the following: "The Grand
Duke," by Charlton Dawe; "Locusts and
Wild Honey," Burroughs; "Jane Field,"
M. J. Wilkins; "Kenneth; or, The Rear-
guard of the Grand Army," Miss Yonge;
and "A Red Cross Girl," R. H. Davis.
Should also be glad of some copies of *Munsey*.
Mrs. Louisa H. Goodwin, care B. P. Knight,
Esq., Buena Vista, Virginia. ("Kenneth"
has already been promised.)

4. I should like the *Ladies' Home Journal*
or reading of any kind. My health is poor.
I live in a very lonely place. Anything that
you can send me will be very much appre-

ciated. Mrs. Florence Nelson, R. F. D. 1, Box 26, Critz, Virginia.

5. Please accept thanks for the books, magazines, and other reading, also cards and European views sent me while teaching at Henry. I shall be glad of a continuation of the same sent to my present address. I will appreciate any good work on drawing or drawing-books. Also a copy of the *Ladies' Home Journal* for September, 1911. I have lost my people by death, and am very much alone, and will enjoy an exchange of letters and cards. Miss Sue Hardie, Martinsville, Virginia.

6. I write to thank the person who has been sending me the *Cheerful Letter*, and wish her to continue sending it. I should also like to receive the *Ladies' Home Journal* or *Munsey's Magazine* for 1913, or any reading matter. Thanking you in advance, Mrs. Grayce Hutchins (née Grayce Tennyson), Shawnee, Oklahoma, R. R. 4.

7. Mrs. Carrie S. Stowell, Magnolia, Boulder County, Colorado, wishes "Heriot's Choice," "Robert Ord's Atonement," "Queenie's Whim," all by Rosa Nouchette Carey; any of Amelia Barr's books; and "The Young Franc-Tireurs" and "St. Bartholomew's Eve," by G. A. Henty.

8. Mrs. Liza A. McCrickard, Sandy Level, Virginia, R. F. D. 1, would be glad of story magazines.

9. Mrs. Eva Harris, Pearl, New Mexico, lives in a very lonely place, and would be very glad of light reading.

10. "Gentle Measures in Training the Young" is asked for by Mrs. H. H. Foster, Nadine, New Mexico.

11. I should like some books on adventure and engineering, also magazines on the same subjects. Our minister's name is Rev. Joseph Harmon, Fall River, Kansas, R. R. 2. Address Nelson Wright, R. R. 2, Fall River, Kansas.

12. I want to thank all for remembering me so nicely the past winter. I was quite ill most of the time and away from home. You have no idea how much good the reading I got did me. I am improving very much just now, and am going to my home in Aqua, where I hope all my mail will be sent now. Many thanks to the one who sent me *To-day's Magazine*. The name was torn off the wrapper. May I ask for reading for one more

friend? Mrs. Boling Jones, Concord Depot, Virginia, R. F. D. 1, is very anxious for reading for herself and children, from seventeen to ten years. She will send it on to others. Her oldest daughter, Miss Mary Jones, is especially anxious for some good reading. She is teaching, helping to send a younger sister to school. She is on the same R. F. D. as her mother. She enjoyed the books so much that were sent to me this winter. You will find her a bright and worthy young lady. Books could not be sent where they would do more good than to either of them. Virginia A. Taylor, Aqua, Virginia.

13. Mrs. John R. Harris, Pedlar Mills, Virginia, is so much alone that she would be very grateful for *Woman's Home Companion*, *Ladies' Home Journal*, or a good book occasionally. She has only one near neighbor, and church is more than a mile away, and she is often very lonely.

14. Millard Gibson, Pilot Mountain, North Carolina, a young man of seventeen, will be very grateful for suitable reading for himself and younger brother.

15. It has been over a year since I wrote you. I have received several papers and books and three *Cheerful Letters*, and have enjoyed them so much. I should like to get letters from some of the members, though I do not have much time to write, as I have to work so hard, but would be very glad to have some reading for a child. I suppose you remember of my writing for my mother. The reading is for her, as she is an invalid. I have a little girl eleven years old. Mrs. S. E. Sullivan, 1146 East Murrell Street, Memphis, Tennessee.

16. Mrs. H. A. Blaisdell, St. Albans, Maine, will be glad of reading which she uses for distribution, many coming to her for the "bundle of reading."

17. Mrs. J. L. Kirk, Salisbury, North Carolina, will be glad to get reading. Her husband is minister of the Baptist Church.

18. *Woman's Home Companion* or *Housewife* would be appreciated by Mrs. George S. Raynor, Speonk, New York.

19. Miss Mary Dameron, Amherst, Virginia, asks for "Bird Lore," "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," or some of M. Holley's books.

20. Mrs. V. M. Sowder, Route 4, Floyd, Virginia, will be very glad to receive books

and magazines which others in her community will enjoy also.

21. Mrs. H. J. Tull, Lansing, Kansas, a lady of seventy-two, will appreciate reading. She is the mother of one of our long-standing friends, Mrs. Cora L. Harrington, Swatara, Minnesota.

22. Mrs. R. H. Bourne, Rushville, Nebraska, living twenty miles from town, will be glad of reading.

23. Mrs. May Bellville, Twin Falls, Idaho, will be glad to receive magazines.

24. Frances E. Sanborn, East Thetford, Vermont, asks for *The Beacon*.

25. Mrs. W. F. Galloway, Swepsonville, North Carolina, will be glad of suitable reading for distribution in cotton-mill section.

26. *Youth's Companion* is asked for by Samuel B. Ross, 211 McCullin Street, Salisbury, North Carolina.

To the Editor of the Cheerful Letter:—

I wonder if the recipients of books or magazines sent through the *Cheerful Letter* realize how pleasant it would be for those who send such literature to receive a postal of acknowledgment. It is a very rare exception when I have received such an appreciation, though I send regularly every month something worth reading and always with my full address on the outside.

M. A. B.

The Editor thinks that while the failure to send a post-card with thanks is in some cases due to the want of habit of writing which makes even writing a post-card an effort, in others there is much greater difficulty in procuring the card than some of our givers understand. Some shut-ins in lonely places have practically no money at all, and in others the post-office is so far away that it may be necessary to wait several weeks for an opportunity to buy a post-card. One of our correspondents wrote us that she received her mail only once in six weeks. Another family every time they went to the post-office were obliged to make a journey of two days on horseback across mountains. Where a post-card is enclosed there may be no pen and ink at hand. Where it is possible and a post-card is enclosed, however, the receiver of the book ought to send a word of acknowledgment.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

A PRAYER FOR CHILDREN.

Hear no Evil.

Dear God, *good* Sounds are very sure
To make my life both glad and pure.
My Heart loves pleasant sounds and songs,
Inside my Heart *good* Sound belongs.
My Lips make words they ought to speak;
My Eyes see Things they ought to seek.
But, when my *Ears* hear evil things,
My Heart no longer laughs or sings.

So, when an evil word comes near,
I'll stop my Ears, I will *not* hear.
When wicked noises come around,
I will *not* listen to the sound.
No coarse or evil sound shall be
Allowed inside the Heart in me.
God, make me hear the whole day long
The Sounds that make all life a Song. *Amen.*
—“*Prayers for Little Men and Women,*”
by John Martin.

A BROKEN WINDOW.

[There has been a symposium of letters in the *Outlook* recently, telling how teachers in boys' schools have dealt with the problem of the broken window when the comrades of the guilty boy are naturally loath to accuse him. The best of the letters is given below.]

I was teaching in an ungraded school. During the boys' recess one day a window was broken by a snowball. I suspected that the ball was thrown by a certain lad who had a trace of malicious mischief in his nature, and who might have done it purposely or with reckless carelessness.

So, when the boys came in, I said: “Well, you have had a jolly time snowballing, but some one has broken a window. I suppose it was an accident; but the window is broken, and it will cost something to replace it; and the general rule is that the person to whom an accident comes has to stand the consequences. If you slip down on the ice and bump your head, it is you who suffer the pain. If you break your sled, it is your loss. If you borrow another boy's sled and break it, it is your duty to make it good, and not put the expense on him.

“Now, if I had asked one of you boys to open or shut the window or fix the curtain, and he had accidentally broken the glass, I should say that the school district should foot the bill for repairs, as the boy was doing the best he could for the benefit of the school. But, when the boys in their play damage the property, they ought to make it good—and I suppose the loss comes more closely upon the

unlucky boy who threw the ball. I do not know which one of you it was, and I do not care to know. The boy that threw the ball knows, and I suppose several of the others also know. The only thing that concerns me is to have this glass replaced, and then suggest that snowballs would better not be thrown in the direction of the school-house."

The lad I suspected said, "I broke the window, but I didn't mean to, and I will pay for it." Another little fellow said, "John was no more to blame than the rest of us: it just happened to be him, and I will help pay." "So will I," said two or three others. Then a "big boy" added, "If the boys will buy the glass and putty, I will put it in for them."

I may add that "John" was a more careful boy after that, and became a law-abiding, prosperous citizen.—*Charles T. Andrews, in the Outlook.*

NATURAL HISTORY.

WILD BIRDS THROUGH THE CAMERA.

Photography of birds requires more art, skill, and patience than the hunting and shooting of them, even when the latter is assisted by the most intelligent of hunting-dogs. One should have some knowledge of photography before undertaking the work of securing pictures of our feathered friends. A knowledge of ornithology is also desirable, for it is a great advantage to know the birds by name, their habitats and nesting-sites, feeding, drinking, and bathing haunts, and the times of migrating, breeding, and nesting.

We should know our camera, focussing time, and conditions of light, stops, films, and plates should all be made familiar to us. The beginner gathers more knowledge of photography and of ornithology after each hunt, and finds that he has ever still more to learn. Occasionally you will have success from the start, for it is sometimes the novice who takes the best pictures.

The equipment is of course the first essential, whether the work is done by amateur or professional. We use a folding camera, $3\frac{1}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$, or 4×5 inches, with a good rapid lens and speed shutter,—one that does not make much noise is desirable. Some good pictures were taken with a "Three A" kodak, fitted with a Goerz-Dagon lens, Series III., F. 6, 8, with portrait attachment. A folding wooden tripod, standard size, and another, of about six feet, a ball-and-socket clamp for fastening the camera to the limbs of trees, fifty feet of good rubber tubing, and a medium-

size bicycle pump to release the shutter, are required. Films were used at the beginning with many successful exposures; but these were soon given up and plates used, with few exceptions, because with plates the results obtained were more satisfactory. A sharper focus, easier development, and the cheaper price are reasons for the use of plates. A six-foot step-ladder is an absolute necessity. Many times the writer has worked and wished for this useful aid, when piling box upon table or chairs and then more boxes, to get the required height, only to have camera, photographer, and boxes tumble down in a heap,—all this after waiting for an hour or more to get a picture.

The ambitious photographer must accept many unpleasant happenings that mar his fondness for bird pictures. Decayed limbs have a habit of giving way just as you are ready to set the shutter, frightening the bird or perhaps breaking or straining a limb. Frequently you will find the wind blowing too strong, causing the branches of trees to move back and forth, or, again, the light will be in the wrong direction.

We know that during the nesting season, starting the latter part of April and ending in August, birds, as a rule, lose all sense of fear. At this period they can be more readily approached, and, if you use caution, the little mother may even allow you to stroke her feathers with your hand. This is the time when we must secure our pictures. In our desire to discover the male, female, eggs, or young, including the nest, in happy contrast to the sportsman who, with his gun, slays the innocent creatures, and leaves the mangled, lifeless body where it had fallen, we do no harm.

Have you ever noticed the sadness of a robin over the loss of its mate? It is as a mother's lament over the loss of the first-born. When you shoot a quail, the remaining members of the family will seek and call their brother or sister for days. Now the other picture is a masterpiece. We snap the shutter instead of the trigger. We have the undeveloped plate, which we develop eagerly, at the first opportunity. A beautiful permanent picture is the result of the chase. The bird is left unharmed, full of life, singing merrily to make Man—its greatest enemy—happy, or help him in his agricultural pursuits by checking the enormous increase of harmful insects. Not only do we rescue a beautiful picture, which we can keep for an unlimited time without deterioration, but with the aid of these views lectures on bird-life may be given. We have the gratification of success, the stimulating outdoor

exercise, a better knowledge of Nature, and wonderful workings. We soon lose the manless desire to kill every creature crossing our path.

Some of the most successful pictures have been taken with the aid of Nature's blinds: usually a bush or tree or tall grass is selected for the purpose. A pair of good opera-glasses or field-glass is a valuable addition to this work. You now retire about fifty feet from the nest, well hidden from the view of the birds you wish to photograph. Remember, birds have wonderful vision. They can see you before you see them. Watch for the return of the parent bird. As a rule, you will wait but a short time, especially if you are well hidden. Be careful not to handle the nest, or change the surrounding leaves or twigs any more than is necessary. Many birds will leave the nest, never to return, and seek new nesting-sites. If the bird be a small one, the lens should be about thirty inches from the nest. This is the usual distance. The camera is well covered, except the lens, with a green cloth. Care must be taken to protect the plate-holders from sunshine, to prevent fogging or streaking of the negatives.

Time exposures always give the best results, but these are possible only when the bird is motionless, as when sitting on the nest. But one learns, after a little practice, to get good results with snapshots, if he is careful to work with the proper light. Do not get discouraged if the birds become suspicious and frightened at the camera. You can remove it for a while and allow them to return to feed the young. Remember, the mother's love for her babies overcomes all fear; indeed they will give their lives to save their young. At this period of life the young birds do not show any signs of fear. You can handle them, feed them, photograph them to your heart's content. You visit them each day. When, one day, you are greatly surprised to see the whole brood leave the nest in alarm, scattering in all directions, you may know they have learned to fear Man.

Should the sun be shining brightly, or the weather be cold or rainy, be merciful to the mother-birds or young. You may deprive the latter, for a while, of the sheltering wings of the mother. Do not neglect to cover them with many leaves, and be careful not to remove too many twigs or branches in order to get a good picture; for your enthusiasm, at times, will be at high pitch, and you must aid the little mother in her cares, attending to the wants of a brood of from two to eight nestlings, all clamoring for food.

A robin will make a trip every fifteen or twenty minutes, from sun-up to sun-down. It frequently raises two broods a season.

While you are so photographing the parent birds and young, you are also studying their habits, and you will note the probable age when their eyes open and whether they have feathers or are covered with a downy growth, what the mother feeds them, whether she brings food in her bill as the robin, or feeds by regurgitation as the pigeon or dove or humming-bird. Does the mother alone gather the food, or is she assisted by the male? All these interesting facts should be jotted down in the note-book.

We find many birds building their nests in the vicinity of our homes, some in vines, trees, bushes, stumps, hollow trees, while others prefer the banks of streams, where food and drink are in abundance. Others are found only in the deepest forest growths, while many have to be sought in the orchards which hold special attractions for them. Meadow and roadside, too, are enlivened by the presence of many a feathered songster. In our excursions to their haunts we are brought closer to Nature, and learn, as never before, the value of outdoor life.—*William Hermann, in Our Dumb Animals.*

WILLIAM GREENLEAF ELIOT.

VI.

(Continued from the April number.)

At a meeting of a board of directors of the Washington University they ordered to be placed on the records of the University a memorial tribute in memory of Dr. Eliot, from which we take the following brief extract:—

“The records of the University from the first day of its organization to the present time testify, as such a continuous record only can, to his unselfish, uninterrupted, and zealous identification with its purpose and work. Turn backward these pages for the record of his daily life, and look around you for his monument. His prayers and hopes, his ideals of manly and womanly duty, of sacred devotion to a life of usefulness to his fellow-men, have been inwrought into the very fibre of the University; and whatever place it has filled in the culture and educational advancement of the city and of the West is due, in the largest measure, to his clear foresight, to his devoted and unselfish zeal, to his wise and beneficent administration.”

*The "Mary Institute," and "The Discipline of Sorrow." **

In the year 1855 a great sorrow fell upon Mr. Eliot in the loss of his eldest daughter, Mary, to whom he was tenderly attached.

Owing to the lack of school facilities in St. Louis at that time, Mary Eliot had been her father's pupil and companion, spending several hours every day in his study with her books.

There are in this world, however, generous souls all of whose sorrows spring up into blessings for others. In the founding of the "Mary Institute," a sub-department of the Washington University, intended for the education of young women, Dr. Eliot found, no doubt, the best consolation in his bereavement.

Although an advocate of the higher education of women, he attached especial importance to their "home life and influence." "I well remember," said a Mary Institute graduate, "that Dr. Eliot, in addressing the pupils of the school, once told us that we must remember that we came to 'the Mary' for three purposes. These were, first, the formation of womanly character; secondly, the acquirement of ladylike deportment; and, thirdly, intellectual improvement." "We were all much impressed by the Doctor's remarks," continued the young lady, "because he placed womanly character and ladylike deportment before intellectual improvement."

In 1855, also, Dr. Eliot wrote the little book entitled "The Discipline of Sorrow." Dr. Eliot was one of those "whose earthly hopes, laid in the grave with many tears, are the seed from which spring healing flowers and balm for the desolate and distressed."

Reticent as he was in the expression of his deepest personal emotions, in "The Discipline of Sorrow" Dr. Eliot voiced a grief "common to all who mourn." In the preface of this book he expressed the hope that those "upon whom the heavier burden had been laid," and who did not seek "diversion from grief, but the power of Christian endurance," would recognize in his words their own individual experience, and be assisted in obtaining the strength they personally needed. The best preparation for sorrow Dr. Eliot found in a life of purity and Christian faith, devoted to the performance of duty; the compensation of its discipline in perfected human nature, and enlarged spiritual life.

* This section, although almost entirely taken from the biography, contains a very few lines which were necessary to connect passages which otherwise would have been hard to understand.

Gradual Emancipation.

While Dr. Eliot was not, technically speaking, an Abolitionist, he was a firm believer in gradual emancipation, and his abhorrence of the system of slavery was deep and sincere. In his "Life of Archer Alexander" he says: "Notwithstanding the comparative humanity of slavery as an institution in Missouri, I can truthfully say that there is nothing in all the scenes of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' as given by Mrs. Stowe, to which I cannot find a parallel in what I have myself seen and known in St. Louis itself, previous to the war of secession."

He felt, however, the difficulties and complications of the situation as those could not do who did not come into direct contact with the system.

The manumission of slaves was more and more frequent each year in the Church of the Messiah; and its pastor declared in a public address, delivered after the national emancipation, that for more than ten years previous to that event "no slave was held by any member of the church except under circumstances when age and debility would have rendered freedom a hardship, and its gift a violation of the Golden Rule."

Mr. Eliot himself some years previously had been severely censured for his "complicity with slavery," and accused of being "a slaveholder." The facts were these, as related in private to his friend, James Freeman Clarke. The master of a negro woman was insolvent, and the woman was to be sold, with the ordinary chances of being sent South. Mr. Eliot purchased her, and immediately gave her papers under which she could at any hour claim her freedom. She remained voluntarily in his family, working for wages, for two and a half years. Then, as she was married, Mr. Eliot preferred to place her at housekeeping, cancelling the balance of \$300 due him, and manumitting her in open court. At the time the letter to Mr. Clarke was written, "Aunt Amanda was a very respectable woman at housekeeping, but unable to make the two ends meet without assistance," from Mr. Eliot.

On another occasion, as related in his "Life of Archer Alexander," at the entreaty of the father, a free colored man, who had bought his own freedom, and had just finished paying for himself, Dr. Eliot purchased a young mulatto girl, to save her from being sold "South" away from her family. As the former master insisted that the bill of sale should be made out to Dr. Eliot, he was the owner of the girl for two hours, when she became a free woman. The father of the girl raised the cash payment and met the notes

as soon as due. Dr. Eliot's interest in the emancipation of the race included action for its individual members, the helpless bondmen and bondwomen who appealed to him; and he did not agree with those over-conscientious people who believed it wrong to purchase and free slaves to save them from the worst evils of their condition.

In a sermon delivered at the outset of the Civil War, from the text "Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's," Dr. Eliot strongly condemned disobedience of law and the Constitution. The Fugitive Slave Law seems to have been the only legal enactment against which his conscience rebelled to the point of counselling resistance.—"*William Greenleaf Eliot*," by *Charlotte C. Eliot*.

TREES TO LET.

Now the birds are northward winging,
All the lispings leaves are singing:

"Trees, trees to let!

Here's a home for every comer,
Share with us the happy summer;

Trees, trees to let!

"Build not in the waving grasses,
They must fall ere the summer passes,

Trees, trees to let!

In the bushes snakes may harm you,
Cruel cats or dogs alarm you;

Trees, trees to let!

"We will guard your nests so surely,
Rock your little ones securely;

Trees, trees to let!

You shall have, from our cool shadow,
Splendid views o'er wood and meadow;

Trees, trees to let!

"Come! We spread our arms to meet you,
Sing our leafy song to greet you;

Trees, trees to let!

Here's a home for every comer,
Spend with us the happy summer;

Trees, trees to let!"

—*Hannah G. Fernald.*

CANINE PSYCHOLOGY.

Scarcely anything is lacking in the mental furniture of Toots to make him the equal of a baby two years old, except thinking in words; and who can prove that he is destitute of this faculty, although not possessing articulate speech? The other evening, while I was giving my plants a drink, he came to me several times, asking to have the gate opened. His sign and vocal language is of his own adaptation. For a drink of water he has one combination, another for a request to be let out of the house, and still a different one to pass out at the gate into the street. Not caring to lay down the hose, I paid little heed to his teasings, and he determined to compass

his purpose in another way. To the front door he went, and, pressing it, found it not latched, but requiring some force to throw it open. Then he backed out the full width of the veranda, and, running, threw his weight so violently against the door as to drive it open. Very soon he reappeared with his mistress, to whom he had made his supplication, and she, without knowing of his failure with me, opened the gate and gave the little fellow his coveted freedom.

It should be explained in regard to the wit shown in opening a heavy or sticking door, that Toots acquired his experience with a fly door closed by the reaction of a spring. He found by experiments that, if with his fore paws he pressed this door open just far enough to emit his body, it would spring to and pinch his tail, and that by retreating and running the whole length of a small entry he could impart his momentum enough to open the door wide and thus clear his tail. This act, I am inclined to think, is a little smarter than is usual in a two-year-old child. The skill thus acquired is regularly applied by Toots in opening the door of the kitchen in which his bed is made.

I have recorded another still more interesting act which raises the question whether animals are capable of emotions of a religious nature. Romanes claims to have proved that some animals exercise all the human emotions, "with the exception of those which refer to religion, moral sense, and perception of the sublime." On the other hand Mr. John Fiske makes a category for Toots. In discussing the "primeval ghost-world," he quotes from "Nature" as follows: "A skye-terrier accustomed to sit on his haunches when wanting favors from his master would also sit up before the mantelpiece before his rubber ball. This illustrates Auguste Comte's remark that dogs, apes, and elephants may have a few fetichistic notions."

It is a habit of Toots, when alone and occasion requires, to perform his sitting and hand waving supplications to inanimate things, as if they were capable of volition. Very early in his history Toots was taught to sit on his haunches, receiving bits of food as a reward for the performance. It was observed that he spontaneously raised his hands as an additional expression of desire. He has been discovered thus paying his addresses to a rubber doll, beseeching it to descend from the mantelpiece for his benefit. The same address is made by him to a door he cannot open or to a glass of water he cannot reach, when no human friend is present to serve him.

So also when he failed to force open the

kitchen door that was fastened, there followed his last effort a silence that led me to conclude it was the little fellow's moment of prayer. Accordingly, at the right instant I thrust open the door, when I found that he had been sitting up before the unyielding object and waving his suppliant hands with a genuine earnestness that would shame the hollow formality of many a human worshipper.

The question naturally arises, Does Toots believe in ghosts? And, if so, have we not found in him the evidence of an incipient fetichism, an inspiration of rude religious emotion and a glimmering perception of the sublime?—*John Monteith, in Popular Science Monthly.*

THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, 45 Spring Lane, Canton, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication), and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

I.

BEHEADINGS.

1. Behead a word meaning to accompany and assist, and leave the extreme point.
2. Behead a word meaning a small sail vessel, and leave the vessel which preserved Noah.
3. Behead a word meaning a cereal grass and its edible seed, and leave concentered sugar.
4. Behead a word meaning a contest in running, and leave a unit.
5. Behead a word meaning a covering for the head, and leave a preposition.

II.

CHARACTERISTIC INITIALS.

1. Fame-Spangled Knight.
2. He Was Lovely.
3. Was Called Billy.
4. Ranks With Elia.
5. Amiable and Pleasant Carollers.

—Selected.

III.

PI.

Whemsoat kabc mofr eth aviglel trsete
Tasnsd eht dol-afhisnre tocurny-esta.
Sascor sit naqiteu rotipoc
Latl lopapr-retse hiter hasdosw rotwh;
Dan mofr tsi tasitno ni eht alhl
Na cainetn mite-icpce aysy ot lal,—

“Eofverr—renev!

Verne—rerevof!”

IV.

A MUSICAL LOVE STORY.

1. What was the hero's name?
2. What was the name of the heroine?
3. Where was he born?
4. Where was she born?
5. Where did they meet?
6. At what time of day was it?
7. Where was their favorite love-making scene?
8. When did he propose?
9. What did he say?
10. Why did she say yes?
11. What did they both sing?
12. What did he then bid her?
13. What was her response?
14. How were the family affected by the match?
15. Where were they married?
16. What was the wedding march?
17. Who was the maid of honor?
18. Who were the bridesmaids?
19. Who were the flower girls?
20. What two noted characters witnessed the wedding?
21. What did they receive from their friends?
22. Where did they go on their wedding trip?
23. What religious service did they attend there?
24. Where did they make their home?
25. What was their motto?

—Selected.

Answers to Puzzles in the April Number.

I. AN ACROSTIC.—

MOOSEHEAD
D INWIDDIE
GALVESTON
DARTMOUTH
FERDINAND
AUSTRALIA
CAMBRIDGE
WORCESTER
ANNAPOLIS

II. INITIAL LETTER PUZZLE.—Bismarck.

III. PUZZLE.—Nothing after all.

IV. TWO SQUARES.—

Y E A R	L A C E
E M M A	A R E A
A M I R	C E S S
R A R E	E A S T

V. CHANGED VOWELS.—1. Band. 2. Bend. 3. Bind. 4. Bond. 5. Bund.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is cordially invited to distribute the copies of the *Cheerful Letter* received among lonely members of his parish, shut-ins, or invalids of whom he may know. He is also invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

No *theology* is disseminated in our paper. All the religious matter is intended merely to strengthen, cheer, and comfort those in need of such practical help.

Givers of books are reminded that only books of instructive or wholesome nature should be offered in the Book Club. Classics, educational works, and standard novels are always acceptable.

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Editor of "The Cheerful Letter," Miss L. Freeman Clarke.

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